
THE
Blackbird's
SONG.

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Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.
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THE
Blackbird's
SONG.



HE *Blackbird* who had wait-
ed long.
To sing the new-come *Lord*
a Song,
And warn him of his *Danger*,
Still found him so beset with *Owls*,
Storks, *Rooks*, and *Gulls*, and such like
Fowls,
He could not see the *Stranger*.

But

But as it hap'ned on a Day,
 When all these *Fowls* and *Birds* of Prey,
 Were gone abroad to Rove;
 That unexpected up he rose,
 And hoping there to find Repose,
 He walk'd into the *Grove*.

And as he rang'd the Place about,
 The *Blackbird* chanc'd to spy him out,
 And judging him the *Man*;
 He quickly put himself in View,
 Where he might see and hear him too,
 And thus his *Song* began.

Pardon me, *Sir*, that I intrude,
 Thus far into your *Solitude*,
 And lend a gracious Ear;
 The MATTERS I'd presume to *Shew*,
 Are very fit for you to know,
 For they concern you near.

Parrots and *Jays*, and *chat'ring Pies*,
 May flatter you and tell you lies,
 And mighty Things pretend.

But

But if that you such *Vermin* trust,
 They will Betray and Rob you first,
 Then leave you in the end.

YOUR PREDECESSOR, *Sir*, was taught,
 That they with Favours might be bought,
 And try'd them as you do ;
 But she no sooner brought them in,
 But they to *Ruine* her begin,
 And so they'll serve you too.

Pardon me, *Sir*, and take my Word,
 I am a true and faithful *Bird*,
 And freely speak my Mind ;
 They only flatter you for Gain,
 And when your Favours you refrain,
 They'll rail as fast you'll find.

Sir, all the *Rooks*, the *Kites*, and *Crows*,
 By Nature are this *Mansion's* Foes,
 And would be over-joy'd ;
 To see your *Groves*, your *Springs*, and
Woods,
 Your fine *Canal*, your *Ponds*, and *Floods*,
 Lie waste and quite destroy'd.

It has been always their Design,
 To pillage and to undermine,
 The *Owners* of this *Grange* ;
 And if they should be Just to you,
 And not their former *Aims* pursue,
 It would be very strange.

You may indulge them as you will,
 They'll be but the same *Vermin* still,
 A greedy restless *Crew* ;
 The more you give, the more they'll
 crave,
 Till they have swallow'd all you have,
 And then they'll swallow you.

You must submit to be their *Tool*,
 And let them Tyrannize and Rule,
 If e'er you hope for Ease ;
 For nothing less than sole Command,
 Can their unbounded Hopes withstand,
 And nothing less will please.

Already they are grown so proud,
 And domineer and talk so loud,
 Are so revengeful too ;

That

That not a *Linnet*, *Thrush*, or *Larke*,
That us'd to Chant around your *Park*,
Dare come to visit you.

I was amaz'd the other Day,
To hear one of these *Reptiles* say,
To an *Illustrious Bird* ;
Our *Landlord*, Sir, is coming here,
It is not fit that you appear,
You must be gone my *Lord*.

This *Hedgebird*, I forbear to Name,
But 'twas not long before you came,
He durst not shew his Head ;
But now he struts from *Room* to *Room*,
And has the Impudence to come,
To peck your very Bread.

The Gods defend you from all Harm,
And instantly dissolve this Charm,
Or it will be too late ;
For if you do not stop your Hand,
And their united Strength disband,
You'll hardly stem your Fate.

The *Good Man* listen'd all the while,
 And neither seem'd to Frown or Smile,
 At length he thus reply'd ;
 All you have said perhaps is true,
 And yet I will not credit you,
 Till I have further try'd.

You are, I see, a *Bird* in Black,
 And probably may have the knack,
 To tell a handsome *Tale* ;
 But I regard your *Tales* no more,
 Than him that you call'd o'er before,
 So little they avail.

Besides, as yet, I cannot see,
 What Business you can have with me,
 Who hardly know your Name ;
 If you will Quiet be and Good,
 You shall in Peace enjoy the *Wood*,
 Among the other *Game*.

But if from Hedge to Hedge you fly,
 And fright the *Birds* with DANGERS
 nigh,
 And make your wonted Noise ;

(11)

I'll find a way to change your *Note*,
Nor is't the Sanction of your *Coat*,
That shall preserve your *Voice*.

You and some *Hirelings* of your *Race*,
May hop about from Place to Place,
And with the *Tories* joyn;
But when y'have gone your utmost
length,
You'll find I have both *Power* and
Strength,
To frustrate your *Design*.

I further tell you as a *Friend*,
There is a Thing call'd *COMPREHEND*,
Which my *Advisers* say,
If e'er I hope to keep you still,
That they may *Govern* as they will,
That is a certain way,

Indeed I do not understand,
What *Projects* they may have in Hand,
But this I'm sure I know;
I was invited here to *Rule*,
And not to be a *Parties Tool*,
As Time shall quickly shew.

The antient *Maxim* which we hold,
Will last when all your Tricks grow
old,

And keep my Honour clear ;
Our Friends to love, reward, and trust,
And to our Enemies be Just,
And no body to fear.

The *Blackbird* not at all dismay'd,
But marking strictly all he said,
This *humble Answer* made ;
If you the *Blackbirds* thus disdain,
Forgive me that I speak so plain,
You're certainly betray'd.

The former OWNERS of this *Plate*,
Highly esteem'd the *Blackbirds* Race,
And lov'd they should be near ;
That they might sit and hear 'em Sing.
Their grateful *Welcome* to the *Spring*,
And bless the coming Year.

And since for you we have done more,
Than all that e'er came here before,
Even things I will not mention ;

It would be sure exceeding hard,
 If we should have for our Reward,
 A wicked COMPREHENSION.

Oh ! Sir, you do not know, I fear,
 What *Vermin* these *Advisers* are,
 What *TRAYAORS* in Disguise,
 They'd all the *Royal Line* destroy,
 That they this *Mansion* might enjoy,
 And o'er you *Tyranize*.

My Lord, it cannot be deny'd,
 But you have *Power* to chuse your *Side*,
 To punish and Reward ;
 But as 'tis very hard to know,
 Who is your *Friend*, and who your *Foe*,
 You should be on your Guard.

You have an honest open Heart,
 That dreads no Harm, nor knows no
 Art,
 And what augments your *Danger* ;
 To all the *MISCHIEFS* they have done,
 Down to this Day, from Forty One,
 You are a perfect *Stranger*.

Your

Your *Maxim's* generous Just and True,
 If you your *Friends* but rightly knew,
 And can't enough be priz'd;
 But if your *Friends* be *Rooks* and *Owls*,
Bitterns and *Herns* and such like *Fowls*,
 They ought to be despis'd.

How can we help to think it *strange*,
 That you'll intirely trust your *Grange*,
 To this REBELLIOUS BREED;
 We cannot, Sir, conceal our Pain,
 Now they are all got in again,
 To think what must succeed.

Already we with Horror see,
Buzards and *Hawks* on ev'ry *Trey*,
 Sit watching for their *Prey*;
 Whilst all the *Birds* and *Fowls* of *Use*,
 That have so long adorn'd your *House*,
 Are frighted quite away.

The *Nightingales* and faithful *Doves*,
 That have so often charm'd the *Groves*,
Canary Birds succeed;

And

And *Foreign Fowls* of ev'ry sort,
Are now the best esteem'd at Court,
Sir, this is strange indeed.

The *Gallant Cock*, what has he done,
That has in many *Battles* shone,
And of has lost his Blood;
To be in hate expell'd your *Pens*,
Where he so oft' regal'd your *Hens*,
So long has eat his his Food.

He is so very Good in Nature,
So gen'rous and so brave a *Creature*,
And of so stout a *Strain*;
That all the *Fowls* about your *Yard*,
Pay'd him the most profound Regard,
And of his Loss complain.

You have indeed, some *Cocks* o' the
Game.

That very well deserve a Name,
A busie hardy *Kind*;
But you have more are but half Bred,
And if you venture on their Head,
You'll lose the *Match* you'll find.

Like

Like *Bullies* they may make a shew,
 And strut about their Walks and crow,
 And on their *Dunghills* rattle;
 But if you come to be hard laid,
 You'll see you're to the *Match* betray'd,
 And hardly win one *Battle*.

That very *Cock* who oft' has fought,
 And by *chance* *Blows* has *Wonders*
 wrought,
 The cunning *Gamesters* say;
 Should he receive some *Stabs* i'the *Crow*,
 Or should they come to tell the *Law*,
 Would surely run away.

I will not, *Sir*, presume to pry,
 Into that hidden *Mystery*,
 Why you should thus displace;
 A noble and a well-bred *Cock*,
 The very best in all the *Flock*,
 And put into his *Place*,

A *Cock* that he as far exceeds,
 As ev'ry one will say that *Breeds*,
 And understands the *Sport*;

As does the *Swan*, the *Rook* or *Owl*,
Or any of those ill-look'd *Fowl*,
That to your House resort.

But 'tis not, *Sir*, his loss alone,
All faithful *Birds* and *Fowls* bemoan,
Tho' that be very great ;
You have disdainfully turn'd off,
The *Plover*, and the *Cornish Chaff*,
The Glory of your Seat.

The very *Hens* our noble *Dame*,
Was wont to feed and keep so tame,
A *Sprightly Graceful Breed* ;
Are all constrain'd to quit this *Place*,
Unto a much inferior *Race*,
Sir, this is hard indeed.

The *Partridge*, *Pheasant*, and the *Quale*,
Whose *Duty* ne'er was known to fail,
Are all dispers'd and gone ;
Even the *Domestick Ducks* and *Geese*,
That they may all be of one *Piece*,
Are order'd from your *Dome*.

C

There's

There's many more that I could Name,
 All *Birds* of mighty Worth and Fame,
 Unwarily displac'd;
 Whilst ev'ry *Grove* and ev'ry *Spring*,
 With doleful Exclamations ring,
 That they are so disgrac'd.

But we must now expect to hear,
Out-cries and *Clamours* every where,
 And all good *Birds* complain;
 Since those whose *Male-Administration*,
 Render'd unfit for any *Station*,
 Are all prefer'd again.

Can we see *Rooks* in ev'ry *Cause*,
 and *Vultures* managing the *Laws*,
 The *Woodpeckers* ador'd?
 The *Bats* and all the *Birds of Night*,
 Your *PREDECESSOR* banish'd quite,
 Caress'd and all restor'd?

Can we see *Kites* and *Carrion Crows*,
Magpies and all such *Thieves* as those,
 Home to your *Grange* invited?

Cuckoms

Cuckows, Green-Finches, and Tom-tits,
 That live like *Sharpers* by their Wits,
 Made *Magistrates* and *Knighted*.

Can we see *Cormorants* and *Gulls*,
 With open *Throats* and empty *Sculls*,
 Made *Guardians* of the *Lake*?

King-fishers o'er the *Brooks* preside,
Bitterns and *Herns* the *Spoil* divide,
 And dreadful *Havock* make?

Can we see this and ten times more,
 And not a speedy help implore?
 The *Gods* avert the *Sign*.
 The *Ravens* that were wont to tell,
 If all *Things* here should happen well,
 In dismal *Croakings* joyn.

The more we View this wondrous
Change,
 The more indeed we think it strange,
 And still the more we doubt ;
 That you will stay till 'tis too late,
 To stem the *Current* of your *Fate*,
 Before you turn them out.

I am, indeed, a *Bird* in Black,
 Yet have no formal canting Knack,
 Nor no sinister View;
 My Business is to Sing and Pray,
 To Suffer, Sir, and to Obey,
 And to Forewarn you too.

Under this Umbrage I presume,
 Into your Presence now to come,
 And thus to speak my Mind;
 And he's unworthy to be here,
 Whom sordid *Avarice* or *Fear*,
 Can from his *Duty* bind.

There are too many of our *Tribe*,
 Whom *Interest*, *Ignorance* or *Pride*,
 Have wickedly misled;
 But we disown that *Spurious Breed*,
 And heartily could wish indeed,
 They quite from us were fled.

If you have any such at Home,
 They'll prove Disturbers of the *Dome*,
 This vile *Apostate Brood*;

Have

Have done more *Mischief* in their Way,
Than all the *Fowls* and *Birds* of Prey,
That shelter in the *Wood*.

These *Birds* whom sure the Gods design'd,
To be a *Curse* to all their *Kind*,
Their *Punishment* and *Shame* ;
Tho' they our *CONSTITUTION* hate,
Are suffer'd here to perch in State,
Which must your *Conduct* blame.

Were all the *Crimes* of this lewd Age,
And all the former did engage,
Amass'd into one Ball ;
There's one of *These* whose *Crimes* alone,
Would over-balance ev'ry one,
Yet now he's all and all.

Another too there's of the *Coat*,
Who tho' he ne'er could Sing one *Note*,
Most exquisitely dull ;
Whose Head just like an *Asses Hoof*,
Is very thick and *Poison Proof*,
Yet you admire the *Tool*.

This

This doating *Creature* on the Day,
 Our *Glorious Mistress* breathless lay,
 Hither insulting came,
 And lost as well to *Grace* as *Sense*,
 Was heard with matchless *Insolence*,
 Thus to revile the *DAME* :

Cuckow, says he, the Day's our own,
 The *Gods* have pull'd this Woman down,
 And eas'd us of our Fears ;
 And tho' I'm *Lame* and very *Old*,
 Methinks I'm just like one *New-Sould*,
 And hope to live some *Years*.

And now, my *Lord*, can you suppose,
 Those *Birds* that are so much her *Foes*,
 Should faithful be to you ?
 Pardon the *Freedom* of my *Song*,
 You must your *Understanding* wrong,
 Such *Notions* to pursue.

If *Robin-redbreſt* with his *Art*,
 Impos'd upon her honest *Heart*,
 And basely broke his *Trust* ;

It does not not follow sure that she,
The Object of our Hate should be,
Because he prov'd unjust.

Punish him first, and then you'll see
Who are the *Birds* of Probity,
For if that *Fame* speak true;
You have some very near you now,
Did all his crafty Schemes allow,
His inmost Secrets knew.

Spare me one Word, and I have done,
Would you enjoy this *Mansion* long,
And keep the *Mannour* quiet;
Disdain those *Vermin* that prophane,
Your PREDECESSOR's sacred Name,
For they began the Riot.

The *Groves* and *Woods* are in a Flame,
To hear how they traduce the DAME,
And dread an INNOVATION;
The *Barndoor*- *Fowls* and *Turkey Cocks*,
In dang'rous and tumultuous *Flocks*,
Express their *Indignation*.

Here

Here the *Bird* stop'd, *My Lord*, says he,
 May you your present Danger see,
 And shun all FALSE ADVICE;
 So shall your Vertues brighter shine,
 And you and your *Illustrious Line*,
 In Peace ascend the Skies.

I am but a Poor artless *Bird*,
 Yet if for once you'll take my Word,
 You'll find this *Maxim* true;
 Who will by any PARTY Rule,
 He must be their's, or they his Tool.
 And so away he flew.

